



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

CASTLECOR, A REVERIE,

BY J. U. U.

Ancient oaks of Castlecor,
Which the wreck of weathery war,
Summer's sun or winter blast,
Chance and change still sweeping past,
Still have left thus hoar and high
While the world hath fled by.

Many a race of pride hath run,
Many a field been lost and won;
Many a day of shame and glory
Past into the dream of story,
Since the spring time of your birth
Revelled on this ancient earth.

Well your crown of age ye wear—
High upon this noon-day air,
Broadly waving in the light,
Thicket tufts of verdure bright;
While, beneath, your massive shade
Sleeps upon the ferny glade.

Where the summer sunbeam plays
O'er the long-drawn leafy ways,
Down through tremulous gleams of green,
On some spot at distance seen;
Where the foliage opens brightly,
If the fallow-deer bound lightly:
Well the swiftly passing gleam
Mingles into fancy's dream,
See in shadowy light appear
Some old hunter of the deer,
Through the stillness of the wood,
Bent in listening attitude;
Then amid the haunted glade
Melt away in distant shade.

Were not life as brief and frail
As a gossip's idle tale,
What eventful hours might be
Here recalled to memory?

Straight upon the visioned sight,
Through the rifts of leafy light,
Where yon verdurous dusk disperses
What strange cloud of blackness starts
'Tis the grim and gloomy hold;
Which ruled here in days of old,
Leaving a name where once it stood:
'Tis the "castle in the wood."

Lo! from parapet and tower
Frowns the pride of ancient power—
Lo! from out the cullised port
Pours the storm of raid or sport;
Haughty eye and ruthless hand
Iron chief and ruthless band;
Well the robber chief I know,
Tracked by many a home of woe.
Onward bound; nor far behind
Swells a murmur on the wind—
From his kerne and lowering prey,
Pride of pastures far away.
Hither bound from foray rude,
To his "castle in the wood."
Still the pageant nears—but lo!
Fancy shifts the gliding show,
To a sight of gaymer mood.

On free air in sunshine glancing,
See a jovial train advancing,
Bright housed steed and palfrey prancing,
Horn and hound and hawk are there,
Spear and scarf, and mantle fair,
Sport and jest, and laughter gay,
Shout and jolly hark away!
On the glittering pageant streams,
Vanishing in golden gleams.

Next across the shadowy lawn,
Cowed and cinctured form glides on
With ruddy cheek though solemn gear,
Full glad it seems of journey done,
That started with the rising sun,
And confident of jovial cheer;
Such never yet was wanting here.

Who follows fast, with footstep light,
And eye of fire, and garment white?
O, now the child of song I know,
For the sun on his tuneful harp is bright!
And free on the wind his long locks flow—
O! glad will they be in yon halls below.

But all is gone—one sober glance
Hath whirled in air the fitful trance,
The visioned wood that fancy ranged,
Is still a wood, but O, how changed!

Ancient Power's, barbaric sway,
Iron deeds have passed away—
Superstition's gloomy hour,
With the tyrant's feudal power—
All have passed!—and in their stead,
Piety with reverent head,
Sense, and mild humanity,
Polished hospitality,
Taste that spreads improvement round,
On the old paternal ground;
And without its blood and crime,
Keeps the grace of elder time.

SCRAPS FROM THE NORTHERN SCRIP.

[The following specimens of the Icelandic Sagas have been closely translated for the Irish Penny Journal, from the publications of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen.]

NO. I.—KING OLAVE AND THE DEVIL.

AND now the enemy of the whole human race, the devil himself, saw how his kingdom began to be laid waste, he who always persecutes human nature, and he saw how much on the other hand God's kingdom prospered and increased; thereat he now felt great envy, and he puts on the human form, because he could so much the more easily deceive men, if he looked like a man himself. It so happened that King Olave was on a visit at Egvald's Ness,* about the anniversary of our Lord Jesus Christ's nativity; and as all were regularly seated in the evening, and preparations were making for the drinking bout, and they were waiting until the royal table should be covered, there came an old one-eyed man into the hall with a silk hat on his head; he was very talkative, and could relate divers kinds of things; he was led forward before the king, who asked him the news, to which he replied, that he could relate various matters about the ancient kings and their battles. The king asked whether he knew who Egvald was, he whom the Ness was called after. He answered, "He dwelt here on the Ness, and dearly loved a cow, so that he would follow him wherever he led her, and he would drink her milk; and therefore people that love cattle say that man and cow shall go together. This king fought many a battle, and once he strove with the king of Skorestrand; in that battle fell many a man, and there fell also King Egvald, and he was afterwards buried aloft here on the Ness, and his barrow will be found here a little way from the house; in the other barrow lies the cow." The drinking bout was now held according to usage, and all the diversions that had been appointed. Afterwards many went away to sleep. Then the king had that old man called to him, and he sat on the footstool by the king's bed, and the king asked him about many matters, which he explained well, and like an experienced man. And when he had related much and explained many things well, the king became constantly the more desirous to hear him; he therefore staid awake a great part of the night, and continued to ask him about many things. At last the bishop reminded him in a few words that the king should stop speaking with the man; but the king thought he had related a part, but that another was still wanting. Far in the night, however, the king at last fell asleep, but awoke soon after, and asked whether the stranger was awake; he did not answer. The king said to the watchers that they should lead him up, but he was not found. The king then stood up, had his cupbearer and cook called to him, and asked whether any unknown man had gone to them when they were preparing the guest-chamber. The head cook said, "There came a little while ago, sire, a man to us, and said to me, as I was preparing the meat for a savoury dish for you, 'Why do you prepare such meat for the king's table as choice food for him, which is so lean?' I told him then to get me some fatter and better meat, if he had any such." He said, 'Come with me, and I will show you some fat and good meat, which is fit for a king's table.' And he led me to a house, and showed me two sides of very fat flesh; and this have I prepared for you, sire!" The king now saw it was a wife of the devil, and said to the cook, "Take that meat now, and cast it into the sea, that none may eat thereof; and if any one tastes of it, he will quickly die. But whom do you suppose that devil to have been, the stranger guest?" "We know not," said they, "who it is." The king said, "I believe that devil took upon himself Odin's form." According to the king's command the meat was carried out, and cast into the sea; but the stranger was nowhere found, and search was made for him round about the Ness, according to the king's commandment.—From *Olave Tryggvason's Saga*.

* The Norse word which becomes *ness*, as the termination of several British localities, and *The Nose* in our maps of Norway, means "promontory" (literally "nose") and must not be confounded with *The Ness* in the county of Londonderry, which is in Irish "the waterfall."